

Tale of an Unlucky Hero

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Summary: "Will it be interesting?" "Is it funny?" "Well we will just have to find out, won't we?" He turned his gaze to the fire and watched the flames dance, his eyes dimming slightly as his mind was transported back to an earlier time, about fifty years into the

1. Tell Us A Story!

I know that I'm still new to the ** _How To Train Your Dragon _fandom, but I wanted to try writing a longer story. There were some criteria to this one that brought it to be and will be used to move this story forward. First, I want to prove a point. The point in question will be brought up later. Second, the story had to include a frame. Basically, there was to be a story within a story. Most of this story will feature this "story within a story" setting.

This is a little outside what I usually write, but I think it's going to turn out well. Feel free to let me know either way, good or bad.

* * *

><p>Prologue: Tell Us A Story!

Winter had come again. Of course, winter in Berk lasted most of the year. It tended to hang on with both of its invisible hands, refusing to let go. In just a few days, Berk would celebrate its anticipated annual holiday. Snoggletog. He still thought it was a stupid name, but it is what it is and he was too old to complain. Besides, his family would be gathering in his home this year. In fact, they should be there shortly. He could not argue that this would cheer the atmosphere that had settled within his home. Ever since his wife of many years had moved on to Vallhalla, the home had been too quiet.

He sat in his usual chair, staring at the slowly-dying fire crackling

in the fireplace. His father had built this house. How long ago that was now! This house, by some miracle of fate, had managed to withstand multiple dragon raids and attacks over the years, but of course, there hadn't been one of those in almost fifty years.

As his thoughts moved to dragons, he shifted his gaze to fall upon the abnormally large dark shadow in the corner of the room. It seemed to alter slightly and he silently grinned to himself. At least he was not alone in this home; he could count on his dragon to be there for him. It had been this way since they met and would be that way until death. This dragon, the once elusive and highly-sought Night Fury, is his partner. Back in the day, they used to fly all the time, together, always in sync with each other. They needed each other. It had been awhile since they had last flown together, age slowly taking its toll on them both.

A knock on the door alerted both man and dragon to the presence of another. Both jumped slightly, still very much in sync with the other. His family had arrived. He stood from the chair and walked slowly to the front door. Over the years he had grown accustomed to the slightly uneven gait caused by his metal leg and his natural one. No longer did it bother him. In fact, over the last almost fifty years, he had forgotten how it felt to walk with two natural legs. This was now the norm and it felt like second nature to him.

Opening the door, he came face-to-face with the families of his two daughters, the youngest of his three offspring. Quickly, he invited them in and their children ran to the now-awake Night Fury who still lay curled up in the corner. Both sets of parents urged them to be gentle with the aged dragon, but the elder man assured his daughters that he would keep a close eye on them and, if he slipped up, the dragon would also warn them when enough was enough.

The elders sat by the fire, catching up on old news and learning new news. The man smiled as he listened to all that the two sets of grown Vikings had to offer. He did not get out as much anymore as he would like due to his age, the weather, and his leg, but it was always nice to see his family as often as he could.

His son was expected to also join them that night once he had finished up some chiefly duties. At one time, the man had also been the chief, succeeding his own father. Yes, no one had expected him to become chief. It had taken a miracle to change their minds and what a miracle it had been!

The man's daughters and their families had brought dinner and his son was also expected to bring something as well. Once his son's family came, they would eat dinner together. Over in the corner, his dragon companion finally shifted slightly, warning the kids that playtime was finished. A little disappointed, they ran out the backdoor to play in the small yard which bordered one of the island's many forests.

The sun dipped lower in the sky as the company found ways to pass the time. Finally, the older man's son and his own family joined them and dinner began. By the time dinner had finished, all were safely filled with home-cooked food. Since his wife died, the older man had not eaten home-cooked meals and preferred to walk the short distance to the mead hallâ€|whenever he wanted a meal, a need that was not as common as it used to be.

After dinner, the older man returned to his chair as his grandchildren, a good handful of them now, crowded around.

"Grandpa, will you tell us a story?" one of the older ones piped up, creating a spur among the younger. It was not long until they all were begging for a story, the noises again waking the elderly dragon.

Looking to his own children who sat quietly nearby, he easily read their expressions. Their father had always told them great stories of worlds they could only dream about, ones he had seen atop the back of his majestic dragon in the days of their youth.

Running a hand along the short white-haired beard that grew to the edge of his chin, the man debated what story to tell. "I have the perfect tale. This one is a story about a hero, a strong, courageous, and smart young lad who was mistaken by his village as a coward and weak. It was only when they looked past his appearance that they were finally able to see him for who he really was. Would you like to hear that one?"

"Will it be interesting?" one of the younger ones asked. "Is it funny?" another spoke up.

"Well we will just have to find out, won't we?" He turned his gaze to the fire and watched the flames dance, his eyes dimming slightly as his mind was transported back to an earlier time, about fifty years into the past. "Let us begin!"

* * *

><p>That was a longer prologue than I intended to write, but, in a way, I thought it would be longer. Starting with the next chapter, this older man will narrate the rest of the story. Thus begins the story in a story. I have given the frame.

I am really interested in this and, based on the response, I will update. I've already gotten a rough chapter outline prepared. Of course, I start student teaching practice on Tuesday, so that will factor in as well. Anyway, thanks for checking this out and I hope you enjoy.

Posted: January 19, 2013

2. So It Begins

I apologize for taking so long to come back to this story. Honestly, I hate posting an opening chapter to a story and then disappearing. However, student teaching is complete and graduation is over. I may have more time to write now (when I'm not searching for a job). Thanks for being patient. Hopefully this update does not disappoint!

P.S. Just a reminder that this chapter (and the rest of the story) will be told from the perspective of our narrator (see 1st chapter).

* * *

><p>Chapter 1: So It Beginsâ€|

This story takes place in Berk. It's twelve days north of hopeless and a few degrees south of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the meridian of misery. The village situated on this island is, well, in a word, sturdy. By the time this tale takes place, it has been in place for seven generations, but every single building is new. There is fishing, hunting and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitos. This place however hasâ€|dragons.

Most people would leave. Not the people who lived here. They are Vikings. They have stubbornness issues. This is the story of a young Viking known simply as Hiccup. Great name, I know, but it's not the worst. Parents in this village believe that a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. Like the charming demeanor of all Vikings wouldn't do that.

Trust me, this is pretty much all of the background information that you will need to know to understand Hiccup's story. Our story begins in the wee morning hours of, what seemed to be, just another average day on Berk. On this night, Hiccup could not sleep. He lays awake in bed for hours, tossing and turning, but, no matter what he tries, sleep evades him. Finally, determining that he just wasn't meant to get any sleep that night, he climbs from his bed and walks to the desk sitting in his bedroom.

You see, Hiccup is not your average Viking. Oh no, not even close. While Vikings are burly, tough fighters, Hiccup is small and prefers to settle disputes without violence and fighting. Hiccup is also an inventor. He is most content when sketching out new designs and building prototypes based on these designs. This is what Hiccup chooses to do because he cannot sleep. **_Maybe_**, he thinks to himself, **_if I sketch out some designs, I will start to tire._**

The inner workings of Hiccup's mind set to work and when he felt that he had a suitable design, the boy set to sketching it out. No sooner had the charcoal tip of Hiccup's drawing utensil hit the paper than he hears commotion from outside in the village. At this time of night, Berk is usually quite silent. Vikings need their beauty sleep, afterall.

Running downstairs to the front door of the home he shares with his father, Hiccup pulls back the heavy front doorâ€|and comes almost face-to-face with a huge dragon. The clan calls this one a "Monstrous Nightmare". Rightfully named. This dragon was a monster that definitely used to give Hiccup himself nightmares.

The dragon's acute hearing must have honed in on the opening of the door because it sprouted its deadly fire. Over the years (and numerous dragon attacks), Hiccup could react pretty well on instinct. He slams the door shut, just missing the flames but feeling the heat burning on the other side of the door.

When the heat subsides, Hiccup takes the opportunity to leave the house. His father, most likely, has already left the house so there was no shame in also joining in on the fun. The boy grabs a nearby fur blanket and wraps it around himself. The tactic works and he

breaks through the charred door unscathed.

Of course, there is one thing that I may have forgotten to mention. Hiccup is very unlucky. It's true. What do I mean by that? Well, you'll find out in just a bit. Just keep paying close attention to this story. Now, where was I? Oh, yes, Hiccup just left his home.

He runs through the village, dodging all the surrounding commotion. Side-step an axe here. Under a log there. In his haste to leave, Hiccup did not pick up a weapon. He would not have picked one up anyway. Hiccup is not out here to fight, at least, not yet.

Despite his unlucky tendencies, Hiccup is actually a very smart boy. That is yet another reason why the villagers despised him. Berk Vikings really dislike when anyone is smarter than them; it makes them question their own intelligence.

Hiccup's mind tends to think several steps in advance, most of the time. That and his size help him to dodge the minefield just outside his house. As he turns back to take one more look at his home, he is hit from behind a running Viking, easily knocking him to the ground.

The Viking in question, one of his father's friends, greets the boy and scurries away. Picking himself from the ground, Hiccup continues on his mission. Again, his size, instinct, and brainpower allows him to pick out a route as he winds through the mass of villagers, dodging them. All too often, he hears them telling him to get back inside. It is dark, though. Did they recognize him or did they think he was just that generic Viking kid who wanted to get out there and slay some dragons?

His mission is halted, however, when he hears his name and feels himself lifted up by the fur vest he often wears.

"What is he doing out here?" That is addressed to the villagers, none of whom are paying attention. "What are you doing out here?" That is addressed to Hiccup. "Get inside!" the burly man commands, shoving Hiccup aside.

This man is Stoick the Vast, chief of the tribe. They say that when he was a baby, he popped a dragon's head clean off of its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes, I do. Enough about him, though. This is Hiccup's story.

**_Oh gods, he is angry because of the attack. Not good!_* Hiccup retreats to the shadows, preparing to continue on his mission. He stops, however, when he hears what the chief says next.

"What have we got?"

"Gronckles, Nadders, Zippelbacks. Oh, and Hoark saw a Monstrous Nightmare."

"Any Night Furies?"

"None so far."

"Good."

****_Interesting_****, Hiccup thinks to himself. He sees the two leave in another direction and takes that as a signal to release the breath that he has been holding and continue on his way. He ran past the torches, which Vikings were lighting.

"Raise the torches!"

Okay, the fight just got serious! Hiccup is always unsure why they choose to raise these torches. It isn't like they ever scare away the dragons. However, the Vikings did it everytime when battles between human and dragons continue with neither side showing sign of surrender. He has to get to his destination and fast. Luckily, it is just up ahead.

There is no time to lose! Entering, Hiccup peels off his vest and opts for a heavy leather apron instead.

"Nice of you to join the party. I thought you'd been carried off," the blacksmith, already hard at work pounding out weapons, greeted him.

"What, who, me?" Hiccup replies, securing his apron around his small torso^{**}. And my voice cracks. Great, trying to prove a point here and growing up has other plans.^{_**} "Nah, come on, I'm way too muscular for their tastes," he finishes, all while struggling to lift a very heavy metal device back into its storage location^{**}. Soâ€|all I've successfully proven is how much of a teenager I actually am. Fantastic,^{_**} Hiccup thinks to himself sarcastically, but continues anyway. "They wouldn't know what to do withâ€|all this," he boasted, flexing his non-existent muscles. ^{**}Besides, you don't need always need strength if you can mask it with large brainpower^{**}. Except he did not say this out loud. It would not have mattered anyway because another insult from the blacksmith ensued.

"Well, they need toothpicks, don't they?"

That's Gobber, for you. Gobber is the village blacksmith and Hiccup has been his apprentice ever since he was little. Well, littler.

During these dragon raids, Hiccup's job is to assist Gobber in repairing damaged weapons along with making new ones. Though he wants to someday get out there in the action, he is content with his job for now. At least he is able to do something to help. It's a step up from where he could be.

Opening the window, Hiccup is immediately met with weapons needing work. The Vikings dumping off the pile leave quickly and Hiccup knows exactly what to do next. Without looking or batting an eye, he grabs the pile and places it over the fire. Fanning the flames to warm them up, he takes the time to mentally plan.^{**} Heat the fire. Melt the metal down slightly til flexible. Pound back into place. ^{_**}To be honest, he did not have to mentally tell himself this. It has, by now, been ingrained into his very being.

Well, at least now you see what I mean when I said earlier that every single building is new. Old village. Lots and lots of new houses. There is always days upon days of rebuilding after each dragon attack.

Sure, Hiccup likes his job, but that doesn't mean that he did not still look out the forge window every so often with longing to be on the front lines. Why could he not be fighting like the others his age? Out the window now, he could see Fishlegs, Snotlout, the twins: Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and Astrid. They were gathering water to put out the fires around the village. **_They're going to need more than that to put out all these fires_**, Hiccup calculated, but he is not to leave the forge until Gobber gives the all clear. Stillâ€|Astrid is out there. What he wouldn't give toâ€|Don't give me that look, even smart teenage boys have uncontrollable hormones! Butâ€|yeah, their job is so much cooler.

Leaning out the window to get a better look as the group ran by, Hiccup is halted by a grip on the back of his shirt.

Hiccup has questioned himself before about whether he really does enjoy working in the forge during dragon attacks, but, this time, he is really debating it.

"Oh come on. Let me out, please. I need to make my mark."

"Oh you've made plenty of marks, all in the wrong places."

Again, not my fault. I'm just really unlucky. But, again, he did not say this outloud._**_ Why is it so hard to admit to everyone that I'm not stupid or a failure but just unlucky_**? He always wondered this. "Please, two minutes. I'll kill a dragon. My life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date."

There is no reasoning with Gobber. He is just as stubborn as they come. "You can't lift a hammer. You can't swing an axe. You can't even throw one of these." He lifts up a bola, but it is immediately snatched from his hand, much to his shock and dismay, by a Viking who uses it to catch a Gronckle.

Now I'll prove to him that size means nothing, Hiccup thinks to himself as he backs up to reveal an object behind him. "Ok, fine, but this will throw it for me." He remarks, patting a wooden object of his own creation. Of course, this slight touch messed with the calibration, causing the contraption to fire against Hiccup's issues. Gobber side-steps the flying weapon, but, unfortunately, it hits another Viking, successfully knocking him out._**_Note to self, fix the calibration issue._**

"See? Now this right here is what I'm talking about!" Gobber yelled.

Great. Now, I've angered him. Gobber only yells when he's upset. Better tell him the truth. "Mild calibration issueâ€|"

"Don't, no. Hiccup," he stops Hiccup before the boy can fully explain the issue.

Just my luck again. This always happens. I tell the truth, exactly as it is and no one ever believes me. They just jump to this conclusion that I'm useless, a total failure. They refuse to look past this. Ever. Oh wait, Gobber's still talking.

"If you ever want to get out there to fight dragons, you need to stop allâ€|this," Gobber informed Hiccup with a discouraged look while

gesturing to his entire being.

"But you just pointed to all of me!" Hiccup retorted. **_Come on, Gobber. It's not always about being small and weak. Admit it, just like everyone else, you consider me a failure because my unluckiness makes me look to be so._**

"Yes, that's it! Stop being all of you!"

"Ohâ€|" Hiccup drawls, nodding. **_Did he catch my sarcastic expression? Probably not. Alright, Gobber, how do you propose that I go about this? Give me your best answer._**

Hiccup's inner monologue is broken by Gobber's imitation.

"Ohâ€|yes!"

"You, sir, are playing a dangerous game. Keeping this much raw Viking-nessâ€|contained! There will be consequences!" He tries to make himself as large as possible. An almost-impossible feat for such a small Viking, but his threats fall upon deaf ears.

"I'll take my chances. Sword. Sharpen. Now."

The sword is tossed lightly to the boy who has very little reaction time to bring his arms in front of him to catch it. The dull weapon is heavier than it looks and the boy lets out an involuntary grunt from the effort it takes to hold it. **_This is looking so well for my attempts to show Gobber that I'm not just some scrawny Viking_**, Hiccup thinks sarcastically to himself as he sways off-balance to the spinning grinder where swords are taken for sharpening.

One day, I'll get out there, he thinks to himself as he sharpens the sword, **_because killing a dragon is everything around here. There are so many options too. A Nadder head is sure to get me at least noticed. Gronckles are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend. A Zippelback? Exotic. Two heads, twice the status._**

Outside, the battle rages on. From a nearby tower, Hiccup could hear the defenders saying that the dragons had found the sheep. Stoick is yelling directions and Hiccup can hear the tower spinning, giving those on it a new target area to fire their weapons.

And then, there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire. No doubt that Stoick the Vast is out there right now taking care of one of them while I sit here sharpening dull swords, Hiccup thinks, downcast.

_But the ultimate prize is the dragon, no one's ever seen. We call it the_â€|**_wait a minute, that soundâ€|could it be?_** The sword slips from the sharpening wheel as Hiccup looks up**_. It has to be the_**â€|

"Night Fury!"

"Get down!"

A white-hot blast of blue fire takes down the tower where Stoick the Vast and his comrades were moments ago firing rocks at dragons.

Hiccup hears Stoick yell orders to the others to jump as the tower collapses in a white blast of heat.

Hiccup, who had ran to the window, hopes to finally catch a glimpse of this elusive dragon. Who wouldn't, though? **_This thing never steals food, never shows itself and never misses. Look, it just fired another direct hit on that tower. _**The boy leans further out the window, but it is no use._**_ The dragon seems to blend in with the night sky. Guess that's why it is called the Night Fury._**

No one has ever killed a Night Fury. That's why I'm going to be the first. I have a mission now and nothing will stop me from completing it. I will not rest until I have accomplished this. Finally then they will see that Hiccup the Useless is merely just Hiccup the Unlucky.

* * *

><p>This chapter takes up through the first roughly 5.5 minutes of the film. Yes, I am watching it as I write this story. That's how this story came to be. I watched the film one day and determined that it seemed (to me at least) that Hiccup wasn't really a failure. He's actually quite intelligent for a kid in his early teenage years. Instead, he just seems to be very unlucky. Hopefully, throughout this story, I, through the words of the story narrator, can prove this to all of you lovely readers. Thank you again for tuning in and I hope to get the next chapter out much quicker than it took to write up this one.

Posted: May 15, 2013

3. He Hit It

Happy 2014 to all my wonderful readers! I have brought to you the next installment in our narrator's story! Since I have nothing else to sayâ€|enjoy!

Remember, I am no longer your narrator. This story has its own narrator and these chapters are his story. Just bringing it up again because it's been a long time.

* * *

><p>Chapter 2: He Hit It

Hiccup walks toward the front of the blacksmith shop, heading for the open entryway. He does not get far, however, as he is stopped by Gobber who is changing the prosthetic on his left hand stump while telling his apprentice to "man the fort" because they, apparently, needed him out there**_. I was so close. Why is this the way to the only exit? I could've made it if the walk didn't take me right past Gobber._** Inwardly, Hiccup sighs without making a sound on the outside. **_All I'll ever do during these raids isâ€|_*he let his thoughts trail off._**_ I'll never get out there and fight dragons like all the cool Vikings._** All he lets show, though, is a small and automatic nod to acknowledge that he has heard Gobber's request.

"Stay. Put." These are Gobber's instructions as he makes to leave.

"There." That is an added afterthought, Hiccup could tell. Hiccup does not know how to reply. **_I thought there was a faint possibility that Gobber was on my side. Guess not. _**Now Hiccup feels even more downcast than he had before. Gobber must have seen Hiccup's expression because he finishes his instructions with, "You know what I mean." Then he charges out into the fight.

Taking a seat on a nearby stool, Hiccup runs his hands through his hair. **_If I could just kill a dragon, they would all see. If I could hit oneâ€|wait a minute!_** He thinks back to earlier when his newest invention misfired and hit a passing Viking. **_That's it! Gobber might be right that I can't lift a hammer or swing an axe, but I'm certain that I can make something right happen if I use that_**, he thought, looking back at the invention. **_It shouldn't take long to fix its issue. Yes, now is my chance!_**

Before Hiccup knew it, he is racing across Berk and pushing his invention, weaving it through the crowds of dragon fighters. His mind races just as fast; he knows the machine still has hiccups, but he figures that it will work well enough for this purpose. Assorted shouts of "Hiccup?," "What are you doing?," and "Come back here" greet him. He has no time to deal with them, so he turns briefly and addresses them with "Yeah, I know. Be right back!" It should be noted that there is a rare stroke of luck here for Hiccup. You see, while he is turned around and yelling back to the crowd of his people he has just pushed his way through, Hiccup does not hit anyone as he keeps running. Could this mean his luck had gotten better? Yeah, I didn't think so either.

Hiccup runs his contraption all the way to a dark and secluded part of the village. At this point of time in our story, all action is concentrated mainly in the center of town. Out here where Hiccup expertly sets up his invention (well, he should know how to set it up, of course, since he had designed and built it), it is calm. He waits. Now, something to know about Hiccupâ€|he tends to be very impulsive and often makes quick and random decisions. As he waits in this calm, he begins to get a bit bored, causing him to mutter to himself. "Come on. Give me something to shoot at. Give me something to shoot at." When he saw even the slightest hint of movement, that's when he would aim. Yet, the sky remains clear in all directions. **_Well, just my luck, I get all the way out here and nothing. There goes my chances of redeeming my image within the village during tonight's attack, _**he thinks, the idea making him feel a bit downcast again. He did have to admit, though, that he is a bit scared. Here he is on this cliff and alone. If a dragon did manage to sneak up on himâ€|well, it could end badly. Let's leave it at that.

Then, there comes the screeching sound of a dragon call. **_Where are you?_** Hiccup turns his attention back to the starry sky, searching. Finally, he sees it, a shape moving across the night sky and blotting out stars in its path. **_A dragon! Okay, take aim!_** He is so focused that he never heard the call, but identifying the type of dragon wouldn't matter until he'd hit it.

Trying his hardest to keep aimed on the dragon, Hiccup is not prepared when it fires a white hot blast at the nearest watchtower. **_What?_** The shock startles him and Hiccup accidentally hits the release button on the weapon, firing a bola into the air and sending his small form falling back. He recovers quickly and watches in

horror as the bola swung higher into the sky. **_There goes my only chance to prove that I'm not useless. That was the last bola in my weapon_**_. His frown turns into a smile, though, as he watches the dark form condense and plummet. That could only mean one thing!

"Oh I hit it?" he speaks out loud, surprised. **_With aim that horrible_**, he figures, **_there's no way that should ever have hit. No way!_** "Yes, I hit it!" **_This calls for a celebration_**, he plans in his head**, but not yet. Not until everyone knows. Finally, my stroke of unluckiness is over!_** "Did anybody see that?" **_There has to be someone around who saw that. Finally, they'll all know. This is so great!_**

A growling sound behind him and the splintering of his invention cuts the celebration short. He turns around to find a Monstrous Nightmare. "Except for you." **_Y'know, when I asked for anyoneâ€|I meant people! Guess I'm still unluckyâ€|and, sadly, unarmed. It just had to be a Nightmare. It couldn't be, like, a Terrible Terror or something, my little dagger will not help me here. There's only one thing I can do._** His thoughts race as he takes off back into the village. His scream probably echoes for miles, but there really is nothing else he could do.

Normally, Hiccup would've run back to the safety of his home, but he knows there is no way that he can do this right now. The Nightmare is following him way too closely and leading it to his home will just cause more unnecessary destruction. Plus, Hiccup knows that he does not need another reason to anger his father. The man already seems to hate him as it is. J**_ust keep running and make lots of noise. Alert the villagers and they, most likely, will help you_**, he tells himself as he sees a pole up ahead in the distance**_. That should provide enough temporary cover. Come on! Faster!_** He dives behind the pole and not a moment too soon as the dragon begins breathing its fire and this pole happens to be the only thing shielding him. Once the fire seems to let up, Hiccup decides to test and see if the Nightmare has gone and moved on**_. Do I look left or right? Oh manâ€|let's go withâ€|right! He started to peer out to his right. Nothing. Is it gone?_**

Nope. He finds out too quickly that he has looked the wrong way when Stoick the Vast comes diving in, feet first. **_So it was coming at me from the other side? Figures_**. Hiccup stands behind the pole and watches quietly; he knows better than to get involved in one of Stoick the Vast's battles. The boy watches chief and dragon take sides. The chief rights his crooked helmet and looks battle ready. The dragon, on the other hand, tries to fire at the burly man in front of him, but all that comes out is a weak stream of fire.

"You're all out," the chief says as he balls his fists and takes some steps toward the menacing dragon. A few punches and a kick finally drive the defeated beast off and it takes off into the sky.

The pole that Hiccup is hiding behind has successfully burnt down and it collapses, sending the torch it had been holding rolling down throughout the village. Hiccup grimaces as he watches the destruction that follows. Oh, and there's one more thing you need to know. "Sorryâ€|Dad." Yes, that is right. Our Hiccup whom this tale follows is the son of Chief Stoick the Vast. Hard to believe, isn't it?

Well, anyway, this one little incident results in a successful raidâ€|for the dragons. Hiccup grimaces. **_Well, this sucks. One bit of luckinessâ€|oh, that's right_*_. "Okay, but I hit a Night Fury." His words come out a bit rushed as a crowd begins to develop. He is halted abruptly as a strong hand grips the vest he is wearing and begins to drag him towards his house. **_Oh man, he must thinkâ€|I have to make sure he realizesâ€|_*_. Yes, Hiccup may have (I'm not saying that heâ€|okay, maybe I am) made up stories about taking down dragons and told them to the villagers in hopes of proving himself. Yeah, not his smartest ideaâ€|he found that out quickly and did not do that anymore. "It's not like the last few times, Dad! I mean, I really actually hit it! You guys were busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down just off Raven Point. Let's get a search party out there before itâ€|"

"Stop!" His father's yell ceases Hiccup's rambling. "Just stop."

Hiccup does not know what to say so he keeps silent. His father is already angry and the boy knows not to push the chief any further. Silently, he waits. **_Here it comesâ€|_*.

"Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter is almost here and I have an entire village to feed!" This scolding feels worse than usual to Hiccup. Maybe he could lighten the mood? He tries by suggesting that the village could do with a little less feeding, but all he gets in reply is a just-as-angered response. "This isn't a joke, Hiccup! Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

What can he say to that one? Well, he can tryâ€| "I can't stop myself. I see a dragon and I have to justâ€|kill it, you know. It'sâ€|who I am, Dad."

Stoick the Vast sighs and wipes his forehead in a sign of aggravation. That clearly hadn't been the right answer. "Youâ€|are many things, Hiccup, but a dragon killer is not one of them." If only Hiccup would've known at the time how right those words would be, but, for now, it feels like a stab to the heart to reconfirm that his father does not believe in his prosperity to the village. "Get back to the house." That, Hiccup knows, is Stoick the Vast's universal "This conversation is over" saying. "Make sure he gets there."

The final order is told to Gobber who gives Hiccup a quick open-palmed slap to the head. Hiccup figures he deserved that. After all, he did kinda disobey what Gobber had told him back at the forge. He keeps his head down as he walks. **_It's official, I will never prove to them about this unluckiness. If I couldn't do it now, I'll never be able to do it._** These thoughts really dampen the boy's mood. Good news, Hiccup learns, is that he wouldn't be seeing his father for a while as the man left to, as he had put it, clean up the mess Hiccup had made. **_At least there won't be any of those awkward conversations at home_*_, Hiccup knows, **_well, for now_*.

On the way back home, Hiccup passes by the others his age. Several found ways to taunt him. Tuffnut, the male twin, gives him a fake compliment about his performance. However, it is Snotlout's comment that really hurts. "I've never seen anyone mess up that badly. That helped."

"Thank you. Thank you. I was trying." The answer sounds sarcastic, but it is the sad truth. Well, he wasn't trying to mess up, of course. He was trying to help. There is the sound a shove and someone crying out short and sharp with pain, but Hiccup does not turn around to find out what happened. Right now, all he wants is to just be alone.

They had arrived home. **_Maybe_**, Hiccup thinks before entering the house, **_if I can convince Gobber and get him on my sideâ€|_*" "I really did hit one."

"Sure, Hiccup."

This is going to be harder than I thought, he tells himself. **_I have to try._** **_I need Gobber to understand._** "He never listens..."

"Well, it runs in the family."

Hiccup can tell that there would be no convincing Gobber today; the blacksmith sounds preoccupied as if he would rather be doing anything besides escorting his apprentice back home. The young Viking refuses to give up, though. Viking stubbornness runs in the blood that flows through his veins. He would make his point and he would make it now. "â€|and when he does, it's always with this disappointed scowl, like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich." By now, Hiccup has reached his front door, but he refuses to stop, so, in an overall accurate portrayal of his own father, Hiccup continues, "Excuse me, barmaid, I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an extra-large boy with beefy arms, extra guts and glory on the side. This here, this is a talking fishbone!"

"No, you're thinking about this all wrong."

Oh, Gods, here it comesâ€|prepare yourself, Hiccup, he tells himself. **_Okay, what is Gobber going to say?_*"

"It's not so much what you look like; it's what's inside that he can't stand."

Yes, those, in fact, are Gobber's exact words. No, Hiccup couldn't believe it either. The boy stands there in the doorway and puzzles over what he had just heard, but, I can tell you, he has no words to reply back. Instead, he simply tells Gobber, "Thank youâ€|for summing that up." He makes to go into his house, but is stopped; Gobber is not finished speaking yet.

"Look, the point is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not."

Well, that advice sounds a little better than what he'd just heard, but it doesn't satisfy Hiccup. "I just wanna be one of you guys." The conversation is over. Hiccup wants to hear nothing more, so he enters the house and shuts the door with not a glance back.

Hiccup leans on the doorframe for a brief moment, thinking about the deep secret he had just admitted. He sighs, but then remembers the downed dragon. **_I know what I saw and I know that I hit it. If no one else is going to believe me now, then maybe once I've cut out

that dragon's heart, they will. _**Running quickly up to his room, Hiccup swipes his notebook and charcoal pencil from the table and makes for the backdoor of the house which leads right into the woods. **_Time to find that dragon!_**

* * *

><p>Andâ€|it's me again. Y'know cause I was just sitting over there in the corner listening to the narrator tell the storyâ€|Anywayâ€|!

We are up through the first 9.5 minutes of the movie! Yay! My goal is pretty much to take it at that pace throughout because it makes for chapters that are neither too short or too long.

This story always tends to be hard to come back to because, unlike all my other stories, this is written in present tense because the in-story narrator is telling it instead of me. I always forget and end up having to edit and change my verb tenses before posting. Ah well.

Hopefully, it won't take several months before the next chapter is updated, but I said that last time too. Again, ah well. Guess I'll just see you when I see you. Hope you all enjoyed this chapter.

Posted: January 10, 2014

End
file.